BOMBAY GAZETTE

Volume 27.] Wednesday, May 15, 1816. [Number 135 4

Boyce Kempt & Co.

HAVE for sale, the following Madeira Wines, from the respectable Houses of Murdock, Yuille, Wardrope and Co. and Kerrs and Co. which they can warrant to be of the undermentioned ages; and with confidence recommend to their Customers and the Public.

FROM M. Y. W. & CO.

London Particular Madeira, 5 years old at 925 Rs. the Pipe.
London Market do. do. 800 „ per do.
India Market do. do. 700 „ do. do.

FROM K. & CO.

London Particular Madeira, 4 years old at 850 per Pipe.
London Market do. do. 750 per do.
India Market do. do. 650 per do.

Bombay, 1st May 1816.

G. HIGGS

BEGS to inform his Friends & the Public, that he has received a few strong Persian Horses, per Ship Euphrates, for Private Sale.

Bombay, 15th May 1816

TO BE LET,

AND MAY BE ENTERED UPON IMMEDIATELY,

A SUIT of Rooms, adapted for an Office, in an airy and pleasant situation, overlooking a part of the Esplanade, Colaba, and the entrance into the Harbour.

The Rent, and further particulars may be learned by application to BAXTER & CO.

Bombay, 7th May 1816.

Couljee Eursetjee

Tomorrow Thursday the 16th current will have a Public sale at his Rooms in Hummum Street, of Household Furniture, Glass Silver and Queen's Ware, a few Cases of French Claret, each case containing two Dozen, Brandy Fruits in Boxes of a Dozen Bottles each, Pale Ale in Bottles, some English Claret, three Dozen in Lots, a small quantity of Portuguese new Chocolate and Peyos, and a few Pipes of Teneriffe Wine.

Bombay, 15th May, 1816.

Published

With BLANK PAGES after the EUROPEAN PLAN

AND

READY FOR DELIVERY,

AT THE

GAZETTE OFFICE,

The Bombay Almanac,

AND

MEMORANDUM BOOK,

FOR THE YEAR 1816.

PRICE—4 RUPEES.

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Gazette Office,

POLICIES *of Insurance on Goods,*
Ditto Ditto on Block,
Respondentia Bonds on Goods,
Ditto Ditto on Block,
Bills of Lading,
Interest Bonds,
Powers of Attorney,
Price Currents of Europe Goods,
&c. &c. &c.

Guzerattee Character

ALL orders for printing in the Guzerattee Character will, in future, be thankfully received and punctually executed at the office of the BOMBAY GAZETTE.

Bombay, January 10th 1816

જાહેર•ખબર*

કુલ•શાહેબ•લોકોને•માલુમ•થાએ જે•શ્રી•મુમબઇ•મધેની•ગાજીટ• આખ્રીશમાં•ગુજરાતી•છાપાનાં•અ ખેરછે*જેશાહેબનેગુજરાતીછપા વાનું•કામ•હોઇ.તેશાહેબ•અગારને રબાનગીથી•હમારી•આખ્રીશમાં• મોકેલશતો•હમો•ચુખેથી•કરીઆ પશું* તારીખ(૧૦)મી•માહે•જા નેવારી*શને(૧૮૧૬)અગારજી

BOMBAY GAZETTE.

Wednesday, 15th May 1816.

GENERAL ORDERS

By the Right Hon'ble the Governor in Council.

BOMBAY CASTLE, 6th MAY 1816.

THE Right Honourable the Governor in Council is pleased to appoint Lieutenant Stevenson of the Battalion of Artillery to act as Deputy Commissary of Stores at the Presidency till the arrival of Captain Strover from the Deckan.

By Order of the Right Hon'ble the Governor in Council
J. FARISH,
Sec. to Govt.

NAUTICAL CHRONICLE & NAVAL REPORT

BOMBAY.

ARRIVED.—May 8th Ship Euphrates, Captain P. Mearing, from Bussorah.—Ditto the H. C. Cruizer Psyche, Lieut. F. Faithfull, from Madras.—11th Ship John Munro, Nacquda Hajee Abdulla, from Bengal. —14th Ship Charlotte, Captain Peter Brown from London.

SAILED.—May 9th Grab Ship Resource, Captain P. Burrel, to Madras.—11th His Majesty's Ship Favorite, The Honourable James Ashby Maude, Captain, to the Persian Gulph.—12th Brig John, Commander B. Razer, to Penang.

BIRTH.—At Surat on the 7th Instant, the Lady of Evan H. Bailie Esq. of a Son.

The Gazette.

BOMBAY, 15TH MAY 1816.

WE have, at length, the satisfaction to announce the safe arrival of the Charlotte Capt. Brown. She anchored, yesterday, in the harbour, about eleven o'clock, having left the Downs on the 15th of November, and the Cape of Good Hope the 14th of February.

The late extraordinary report, relative to the burning of Paris, and the massacre of the Bourbons, found its way to Madras, as we now hear, from Pondicherry, at which place, it was said a vessel direct from France, had arrived, bringing the important account.

Being, from the first, thoroughly persuaded of its falsehood, we never suffered it, for a moment, to disturb our repose, leaving it to others, in this hot weather, to heat their brains, still more, if possible, than their bodies.

We, nevertheless, cannot but sincerely hope, for the sake of newsmongers in general, that no other report, so teeming, as the one in question did, with great & interesting matter, will reach the Presidency, before the rain s shall have cooled the atmosphere, for s hould any such unfortunately do so, we cannot but fear some fatal result.

On perusing the latest Europe papers, and hearing the current report that a war with the Yankies was likely, shortly, to take place, on account of the Floridas; we were somewhat induced to think that the time was not far distant when England would be again contending with America; after hearing more, however, on the subject, we are willing to hope that such will not, speedily, be the case. Those who have seen New York papers, of a much later date than could possibly have reached London on the 13th of November, assure us, that their contents were most decidedly pacific. Indeed it is so much the mutual interest of both countries to preserve the relations of amity and peace, that even if both be deaf and insensible to the voice and sufferings of humanity, there is yet, we would fain believe, enough of motive to induce each party to be still.

We took an opportunity, last week, of expressing our opinion as to the validity of a marriage, duly solemnized, in this Country, by a clergyman of the church of England, altho' the ceremony should take place in a private house, without licence, and without bans having been, previously, called; but tho' such be our decided opinion, we shall ever be found amongst those who are foremost to condemn the practice, and this we should do, not only on account of the indecorum attending it, but for the sake of the clergyman himself, who would, by so marrying a couple, highly offend against Canons, which, tho' not binding on lay men, from not having the authority of Parliament, are nevertheless prescriptions to ecclesiastical courts, and to clergymen.

It is true the canons of our church may possibly not be binding upon Dr. Bryce of Calcutta, and that, therefore, in so far, at least, as concerns them, he may solemnize matrimony with impunity, but it is equally true also, as we think, that, being a *lay man*, all marriages celebrated by him, in places, where the laws of England prevail, are, by those laws, utterly void.

Amid the confliction of opinion which now so obviously prevails, it gives us pleasure to find that this peculiarly important question has, in fact, attracted the attention of our highly respectable and zealous Archdeacon, and that, thro' his laudable representations to the Lord Bishop, the necessary statements, have long since been forwarded to the proper authorities at home. We may therefore reasonably hope that Parliament, ere now, has passed an act, throwing indemnity over the past, and making provision for the future.

The Lord Bishop of Calcutta, we are extremely happy to state, arrived here yesterday, on board the Ernaad. He landnd in the evening about six, under the appropriate salute.

We are requested to correct a mistake which has arisen in printin; the names of Officers at Malwan, as Subscribers to the School Society; the remittance instead of standing in the names of Individuals of the 2d Battalion 7th N. I. should have been in the name of *Major Cunningham and the Officers, at Malwan.*

English Extracts.

Mr. Justice Chambre, it is understood, has notified his intention to retire from the Bench. Mr. Park is named as his successor.

The King's House at New market is now totally dismantled, and the materials are immediately to be sold. Mrs. Strode, the housekeeper, retires on her salary, 500*l.* per annum; at her decease the office becomes extinct. Not less than 4000*l.* per annum will be saved by abolishing this useless establishment.

Extract of a letter from Hayti, dated Sept. the 1st.—"I was present a short time since at the funeral of a Member of the *Royal Family*: it was no less than the Prince of St. Maiist! His Highness was brought from his country seat to Cape Henry, and placed in a superb chair of state, in a grand saloon, to which there was access by a handsome corridor. Contrary to European custom was the ceremony of exposing the body in state, for instead of lying in a coffin, it was placed up right, and dressed during three days in different costly habits, including the state robes of the deceased. The room, the restibule, and other apartments, were appropriately decoraded with white hangings, and emblems of death. Persons night and day sang canticles to instrumental music. After the Prince had continued the stated period preparations commenced in great form for the procession to the family vault. At six in the morning the body was removed into his Highness's own carriage and placed in a sitting posture; then the Minister of the King, and the other great Officers of State, arranged themselves in line, together with the military and others, exceeding 10,000 persons, horse and foot.—As a mark of distingushed respect to the Europeans then at Cape Henry, they were invited to attend the funeral, which they did, and followed the great Officers of State to the place of interment at the Emperor's Palace, called *Sans Souci.* A temporary building was erected previously to receive the corps, and the interment took place by torch light, borne by the soldiers; also each person in the procession carried wax taper in his hand. The music was solemn, and the discharge of cannon and musketry at intervals had a very imposing and grand effect. The body was afterwards taken to the church, and the ceremonies were performed by a sable Archbishop, attired in the usual robes, with all the grandeur of the Romish church.

Prince Blucher has two sons: the eldest, who was taken prisoner by the French, and exchanged, received afterwards a wound in the head, which disordered his mind, and he is now in confinement, at Berlin.—The youngest is a Major in the Prussian service, and is now with his father in France. Of the two he is probably the favourite son, for he quitted the army, as his father did, when the King of Prussia became the Ally of Bonaparte. The elder, the Colonel, remained in it.

The Emperor of Russia appeared at an audience in Polish uniform, with only the Polish Order of the White Eagle. The Deputation begged him to take the Insignia of the Polish *Military* Order; but the high-minded Monarch excused himself, saying, that he had a high respect for that Order which is solely designed for heroic actions, and must, therefore, act in this respect in the same manner as in regard to the Russian Order of St. George.

An Officer's detachment of the Royal Staff Corps has been ordered for embarkation to St. Helena.—This corps is composed exclusively of artificers, and the men sent out are to be employed in constructing Bonaparte's mansion, and in such other occupations as may be connected with the new state of the Island.

The Foreign Papers continue to be filled with accounts of troops returning from France, and of works of art restored to their original owners. It appears, that the Belgic Commissioners had already in their power, on the 17th of October, eighty pictures of the first masters of the Flemish school.

Lord Gormanston humanely offered 200 guineas to six gallant fellows, to rescue the crew of the *Mary*, of Glasgow, which was stranded near Balbriggan, in Ireland, on Saturday week. The unfortunate seamen, on the vessel filling, lashed themselves in the shrouds, and every attempt to relieve them proved ineffectual, from the heavy swell and surf, until the above men, on Monday morning, put off in a strong boat, and brought the whole crew, at the hazard of their own lives, on shore, though almost in a lifeless state. Mr. Filgate, of Lowther Lodge, added twenty guineas to his Lordship's handsome reward.

Mr. Aldworth, the Father of the Farming Society of Ireland, lately invited all his tenants to dine with him, at his residence, Newmarket House, after which he minutely inquired into the circumstances of every individual, and then distributed amongst them carts, ploughs, and implements of husbandry, according to

their several wants. To their wives and daughters he presented each a quantity of superior fine wool of his own growing, to spin, and made the whole of his humble guests completely happy, by reducing their rents on tillage land *one-third*, and on grazing lands *one-fourth*.

We understand that an action of *Crim. Con.* has been commenced in the Court of King's Bench, by Henry Geo. Houghton, Esq. of Taunton, against the Rev. John Leyson, now of Haslewell in this country—*Taunton Journal.*

SPLENDID BAPTISM.—PARIS, *Oct.*—31.—Yesterday the Earl and Countess Mountmorris opened their Hotel with a grand ball and supper, given on the christening of the infant son of Mr. and Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster. Lord Byron and Mr. Charles Wedderburn, her Ladyship's uncle, were the sponsors. His Grace the Duke of Richmond stood sponsor for the former, and the Earl for the latter. All the rank and fashion of Paris were present, but among the first were —Their Royal Highness the Princes Frederick of Orange, Bavaira, Saxa Cobourg, Mecklin, and Talleyrane: the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Duke and Duchess of Richmond, and the Ladies Lenox, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Lord and Lady James Murray, Lord Rady Leitrim, Lords Authur Hill, Apsley, C. Fitzroy, O. Russell, Sir Charles Stuart, and all the Foreign Ministers, with a long list of Honourables, &c.

DRS. GALL AND SPURZHEIM.—In a former Paper we noticed the opinion of the Edinburg Reviewers on the doctrines of these Lectures. The sentiments of the Monthly Reviewers are nearly the same with these of their Northern brethren:—

"We have given a full abstract of Dr. Spurzheim's publication: at least of those parts of it which profess to consist of new matter, or which contain his peculiar ideas on anatomy and physiology. We must now, in a few words, state our opinion respecting its merits. In the first place, we are disposed to regard Dr. Gall as a good anatomist; we think his method of examining the brain is the most likely to discover its real structure: and we are ready to allow that he has exhibited considerable address & dexterity in tracing out the connection of the several parts of the nervous system. Of the metaphysics of the Doctor we cannot speak so favourrably: among great professions originality, and a great parade of learning and quotations, we find very little that is new, and much that is obscure. Some allowance must be made for the circumistance of Dr. Spurzheim writing in a foreign language, with which it is obvious that he is not fully acquainted; but the whole displays a want of accuracy and arrangement which clearly proves that he is writing on a subject also that he does not thoroughly comprehend. We cannot but remark that he treats the most eminent writers, who, differ from him, with an unwarrantable degree of asperity, and speaks of the most distinguished philosophers in a flippant manner, which must tend to impress the reader with a very unfavourable opinion of his judgment and discretion.—The physiology of Dr. Spurzheim is like his metaphysics; some parts are common-place, and others obscure; making lofty pretensions, but producing no results of value.

"Lastly, we come to his cronology, to which all the rest may be regarded as mere preparatives or appendage; and on this subject we confess that our opinion is declined, and that we regard the whole as a delusion. The doctrine itself is improbable; the arguments by which it is supported are weak and often inapplicable; while the facts and illustrations that are brought forward in its support are to the last degree trifling and ludicrous. Indeed, were any one disposed to turn the whole into ridicule, it could not be done more effectually than by quoting the very words of the author. We ought, perhaps, then to apologise to the reader for occupying so much of their time with a theory which we consider as of so little value; but the doctrine has excited attention in different parts of Europe, and many men of science, many celebrated anatomists and naturalists, are become converts to it. We therefore kept our minds for some time in suspense, and perused the work with more minuteness than we conceive is due to its intrinsic merit: but our judgment is finally made up on the subject; and we feel no hesitation in asserting, if any connection can be traced between the different parts of the brain and the different intellectual faculties, it must depend on a different plan of investigation from that which has been adopted by Doctors Gall and Spurzheim.

Bonaparte, who was not ill-read in history, did not recollect a trait of the death of Scipio, the son-in-law of Pompey. When Scipio, after having been worsted in Africa in support of Pompey, set sail for Spain, his fleet was surrounded by that of the enemy in his passage. The crew of his vessel surrendered. As soon as Scipio discovered it, he pierced himself with his sword. When Cæsar's soldiers asked where was the General? The General answered—"He is where he ought to be:" and then expired! This trait forms a curious contrast with the event of the memorable day of Waterloo. The grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, who fell with heroic courage on the field, had sworn to conquer or die. English valour denied them victory, but could not prevent them from fulfilling the alternative of their oath—they died! The forest of Soignies is their grave. The soldiers are where they ought to be; but where is their General?

The number of applications from Artificers to be sent to St. Helena, to fit up Buonaparte's house anblestablishment, as astonishing.

American pine timber has advanced in the American market, full 50 per. cent. within the last three months in consequence of the great number of vessels from Britain seeking for freights.

Hampshire Telegraph,—November 13.

The Emperor of RUSSIA, on his way to Dijon, stopped at the post-house of a little town in Burgundy; the master had prepared a dinner, the invitation to which, his Majesty being in haste, accepted. The Mayor had also prepared a dinner, and finding that the Emperor accepted the other, came to wait on him, attended by three handsome daughters, whom his Majesty invited to join in his repast. The Ladies excused themselves, but the Emperor kept them in the apartment, and was charmed with their conversation. One of them made some verses on the occasion and presented them to his Majesty, who was delighted. A few days after, his Majesty sent, as a mark of his recollection, an arrow enriched with diamonds for the fair Lady who had excited so much of his admiration. This present having come to the hands of the mistress of the post-house, was adjudged immediately to her own daughters, whom the mother thinks charming, though others do not: the Mayor's daughter has claimed on the title of generally admitted beauty. Each claimant having partizans, a serious village contest has been the consequence.

[*The Courier,—October* 19.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Vienna, Sept. 20th.

"I had nearly forgotten to mention one very curious object, which I observed in the Princess of Wales's pleasure ground; it exceeds in the ludicrous, every thing that opulence and bad taste have hitherto invented in the embellishment of continental gardens. The former proprietor was General Piri; this military genius has literally realized the schemes of my Uncle Toby. He has erected a mock fortification, with crown work towers, bastions, &c. along the precipice which overhangs the garden; the gallant General had it executed under his own immediate direction, and thought it, no doubt, exceeding fine.

We landed at Menagio, a few leagues farther on—proceeded to the Lake of Eugano, and thence crossed to the Lago Maggiore. The Isala Bella has been truly described as the Island of enchantment—what a scene presents itself from the terrace at sun set—nature arrayed in all the magnificence of her drapery; a combination of every thing that is lovely and sublime; the rugged grandeur of the Alps frowning upon an infinite variety of scenery beneath, which expands itself gradually, and melts away from the eye of the spectator in the Plains of Lombardy. But upon a nearer view the enchantment vanishes before the traces of human ignorance in its most whimsical form. From two examples you may collect what must be the character of the illustrious Prince Bonomio the present owner, or rather Sovereign of the island. This great original, not satisfied with his animal existence, has had the ambition to flourish, as a vegetable in his own garden. After we had seen the greatest part of the island, our guide proposed to conduct us to see something exceeding fine, and so in faith it was; lo! Signior Padroni sprouting in full verdure as though he were a tree. We found a yew tree shaped as nearly as possible to represent his noble person: We went a little further on, and lo! another tree, with a head and arms upon a cross at the top, an aged head where the breast might be supposed to exist, and somewhat lower down the image of a dove. This was intended as a representation of the Holy Trinity, or, as our guide called it (supposing us to be Frenchmen.) "*le bon Dieu:*" How capable the human mind is of being brutalized and degraded, even below brute nature; the Lord of this Island is a Sovereign Prince, and actually rules over about a mile and a quarter in circumference; there is an inn on the island, where we slept one night; the walls and the inmates presented the strongest possible image of dreariness and ghastliness; it looked as if it had not been inhabited since the flood, or only by ghosts; we were struck by the busy and rapid movements of all the persons about us, and began to think of the possibility of our having a visit during the night from a band of robbers; but we were agreeably surprised with the news of the arrival of a Neapolitan Princess, La Principessa de due Sicilie, who was also to take up her abode for the night there; in a few minutes we had the pleasure of beholding her, a portly prosperous looking lady of about forty; her suite was rather singular, it consisted of five men, two of whom had the appearance of holding a superior rank, about her person, and whom we soon discovered to be her chaplain and her cook; she had not a single female in her train; these two personages were by far the most illustrious of the party, being "clothed in purple and fine linen, and feasting sumptously every day:" her Highness, we found, was on her way to Paris; we found the Chaplain extremely communicative, and not very respectful either to the Pope or the Holy Virgin; he informed us, that the communication between Naples and Rome was completely interrupted by banditti, which he attributed wholly to the misconduct of his Holiness, who had not seconded the military efforts of his Majesty of Naples. It appeared that an alliance offensive and defensive had been formed between them, to put down the robbers, the Pope raised for this purpose an army of eighty five men, who took the field with great spirit; about a fortnight ago a party was sent out to reconnoitre the enemy's positions; for some days there was no account of them, and the main body advanced to ascertain what had happened to their companions; but after advancing about six leagues from Rome, having joined them, the entire of the Holy Father's army took it upon them to change sides, and actually formed themselves under the standard of the enemy; the King of the Two Scicilies, in this predicament, thought it prudent to withdraw his forces, and leave the enemy in possession of the field. I asked the Chaplain what he thought must be the consequence; he said he saw no way of putting down the robbers, unless money could be had from the English; both at Rome and Naples, he said, they had employed both prayers and curses but without effect; the people, he regretted, had no longer the fear of God or the Clergy before their eyes, and were running headlong to their own damnation. This produced a violent altercation between him and the Cook, which would have lasted, Heaven knows how long, if the Princess had not, fortunately, ordered her supper, which separated the assailants.

FRANCE.

Extract of a Letter from Paris, Oct. 23, 1815.

"Your questions are innumerable,—you ask some which I cannot answer, from not having access to the necessary sources, for facts; but for such as I can treat of upon my own knowledge, I have no hesitation in telling you what I have heard. It is undoubtedly true, that the King sent the sum of 600 francs to each of the principal churches at Paris, to purchase masses for the soul of Labedoyere. It is equally certain, that the English nation are out of favour at court. When Talleyrand and Fouche asked leave to resign, the King apprized them that he would refer their application to the Duke of W. and Lord C. and be governed by their opinions. A day or two afterwards, Talleyrand asked if his Majesty had made up his mind upon the subject—for it was still his wish to retire,—"Well," said the King, "I accept your resignation." This was without waiting for the answer of the British arbitrators, although his Majesty had declared both to them and to his Ministers, that their decision should settle his own.

"The Duke's measures with regard to the paintings and monuments, measures which were actually forced upon him by the manifold evasions of the French Ministers, and were at worst resorted to on the same grounds and principles of public justice, as the House of Bourbon itself alleges in support of its title to the French crown, have produced on the part of many members of the Court, the bitterest expressions of resentment against his Grace, and the English army. I presume you have heard the language ascribed to the Duke of Berry, with respect to the Duke of Wellington. It was cleverly followed up a night or two afterwards by the Royalist Ladies, who, in this part of the world, are much esteemed as politicians of a large calibre. When the Duke went to wait upon the Duchess d'A., who received the Knights of the Golden Fleece in her apartments, he was insulted by the Duchess de D. and scarcely received with courtesy by her mistress.

"As to Belgium, I am taught to believe, that the Russian alliance is considered a grand coup on the part of Alexander, who, it is believed, has made an arrangement under which Antwerp is to be garrisoned by Russian troops.

A private letter of the 26th from Paris, quoted in anEvening Paper, says—"There has been a review of the national guard again this day: it passed, over in the same manner as the last, with the exception of the absence of the Duke of WELLINGTON. There was not a single officer in English uniform in the Count D'ARTOIS' train. It is said that the Duke of WELLINGTON has taken offence at a circumstance which took place at the last review: the lines presented arms to the Count D'ARTOIS as he passed, but as soon as the prince had gone by, and the Duke came up, (within only four or five yards,) the word was given *tarme au braz*; this is contrary to the practice of the Allied troops, who uniformly present arms to persons of a certain rank of whatever nation. The British troops, are all to go into cantonments tomorrow, in a circle round Paris, with the exception of two divisions, who are to occupy the capital. There are scarcely any Prussians remaining; a corps of 10,000 or 15000 passed through Paris yesterday."

[*Times, November* 4.

MELANCHOLY AND MADNESS.

The fine figures, sculptured by Cibber in the reign of Charles the Second, which so long stood over the entrance of Old Bethlem, and which were lately removed when the building was pulled down, having been sent to Mr. Bacon to be repaired, are now in a most respectable state. Mr. Bacon has preserved the anatomy so far as the mouldering hand of time would permit, and we understand the public will have the pleasure of seeing those fine vestiges of art, in the course of a few days, adorn the front of the new Lunatic Asylum, St. George's-fields. The excellence of these pieces of sculpture is so well known, that it is unnecessary to bestow any comment upon them.

When Cibber, who sculptured the base of the monument, and the pediment of St. Paul's finished Melancholy and Madness, the King of France, by an agent, offered, in vain, a large sum for them. The erection of the figures at he Lunatic Asylum will add to the beauty of that elegant building and present a public ornament of considerable importance.

A naval officer at an ordinary the other day, asking for his bill, found it amounted to *six* shillings:—he immediately threw down *three*, upon which the waiter civilly reminded him that it was as much again;—"Oh! but," said the wag, "I'm upon *half pay* now."

A celebrated wit, being once sadly annoyed by a poor fiddler "grating harsh discord" under his window, sent him out a shilling, with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one *scraper* at a door was quite sufficient.

IRELAND

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—CONNAUGHT.

(FROM THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL)

This entire Province is reduced to almost unprecedented poverty by the state of the markets, or rather, we might say, by the absence of any markets. The lower orders are utterly and literally unable to pay any portion of their rent inmoney, which has induced some landlords to take it in kind, making liberal allowances for the prices of the grain and cattle of their tenantry, above the present prices offered at markets. The tenants of larger holdings are not less afflicted, and so complete and so sudden is the general disaster, that many are reduced from comfort and affluence to the lowest state of misery and poverty. These are the natural consequence of the system which has been acted upon since the commencement of the French revolution.

A continued state of warfare naturally produced a necessity for immense supplies, and thus the charges for live and dead stock were increased to an extraordinary excess. The prices of land and of labour were in many instances trebled, and quadrupled, and the Ministers, so far from discouraging the progress of so fallacious a system, gave every encouragement and countenance to it! and so violent and unabated was the warlike ardour, that a sort of military mania pervaded every rank of society, and ultimately interested a vast portion of the community in the prosecution of eternal war. So unnatural a state of society could not long exist; again and again have able and prudent men pointed out the probable consequence of such a system; but to no purpose.

The operations of this shallow and selfish policy begin to be felt most accutely by every order of the community. The return of peace put an end to war prices; and thus the farmer or grazier, who entered in to contract for lands during the progress of this system, now finds, that while the prices of every commodity have returned to that state from which the war had raised them, the landlord still claims the same amount of rent he received in the most prosperous times. Thus it is that a most complete revolution has taken place in the state of society: and in no part of this island have the consequences of the war system been felt more severely than in the province of Connaught.

[*Times, Nov.* 8

The whole of the French military under Buonaparte were thoroughly embued with the idea that they alone constituted the nation' that they were the first if not the only order in the state, and that the rest of the population were the I lotes, or in their modern military phraseology, "*pequins.*"* The following story illustrates this remark, and contains also a tolerable bon mot' "I am sorry," said a Minister to Marshal L———, "that after having long waited for you, we are seated at table before you arrive," "I should have come earlier." replied the Marshal, "but I have been detained by some *pequins.*" "*Pequins?*" exclaimed the company, "what are *pequins?*" Oh you know," rejoined the Marshal, "we call *pequins* all that is not military." "Yes," said the Minister commenous autres nous appellons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas civil.

[*The wretches, the raffs, as a fashionable coxcomb in English would express it. The word probably comes from the Spanish pequino, signifying little, low mean-spirited. We have also a word in vulgar English, speaking, of a meaning not very dissimilar, and perhaps from the same origin. There is also, if we recollect right, an Italian word piccino, of the same kind.

The *Gazette of Petersburgh*, of the 8th of September, gives the state of manufactures in Russia in the year 1815. There are reckoned in the different provinces of this vast empire, 181 cloth manufactories, 150 of silk, 370 of hats, 1,348 tanneries, 247 manufactories of waxcandles, 64 founderies of tallow, 184 linen factories, 67 paper mills, 265 cotton factories, 80 ropewalks, 14 manufactories of pot-ash, 5 of tobacco, 6 of snuff-boxes, 48 sugar-refiners, 2 powder and starch manufactories, 30 of vinegar and spirits, 25 of lace, 25 of colours, 5 of sealing-wax, 14 of vitriol and sulphur, 199 of pins, needles, &c. 188 of glasses, 16 of porcelain and delf, 48 of brass and copper, 3 of pipes, &c. in all 3,253.—In 1812 there were no more than 2,322 so that the number has increased during two years by 931.

DUBLIN, Oct. 10.

The Magistrates of the parishes of Finvoy and Rasharkin, in the county of Antrim, have received information that, under pretence of dancing, numbers of people have of late assembled together at different places in that neighbourhood, more for the purpose of riot and disturbance, and to foment party disputes, than for amusement, whereby the public is likely to be seriously disturbed. In consequence of this, printed notices have been sent through these parishes by Samson and William Moore, Esqrs. two Justices of the Peace, cautioning all respectable and well disposed persons in the parishes of Finvoy and Rasharkin to refrain from such assemblies, and calling upon the heads of families, not to allow meetings of this kind to take place at their houses, as they will be, in a high degree, responsible for the ill consequences that may arise on such occasions. This notice is dated on the 20 September, 1815, and should the well-meant caution it contains be disregarded, steps will be takin to enforce obedience to the law, which may be both disagreeforce and expensive.

On Wednesday night, about 20 men, well armed, came to the houses of two farmers, who live a little beyond Callan, and ordered them out to be shot for having presumed to stack some corn, in consequence of an agreement with the Clergymen of the parish about their tythes; but the cries and entreaties of their wives aod children prevailed on the fellows so far as to induce them to condescend to grant a respite for 24 hours, to allow these violaters of mobocratic law to put out their corn again to retract the bargain they had made with the Minister. Corn lies rotting abroad every where, in obedience to the mandates of the ruffians whom the *Evening Post* ludicrously calls "the redoubtable champions of the poor man's harvest." The re-action, as the French would says will be severely felt next year, for such has been the severity of the weather that little of what is now out will ever be fit for the food of man.

On monday last the Magistracy at Thurles and its neighbourhood, assisted by a military force, caused a general seaach for arms in that town and its environs, when some muskets, &c were found, oud others voluntarily given up to the lawful Authorities.—*Dublin Journal.*

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

We congratulate the public on the re-appearance of Mr. KEAN in London. He last night performed *Richard* to a most crowded house, and was received with acclamations, long, loud, and rapturous. His summer's excursion has evidently agreed with him; its influence being most clearly discoverable upon the defective organ of his voice, which has increased in volume, and acquired some faculty of modulation.

This improvement, however, is more observed when he speaks in his ordinary pitch, or even when he lowers it. On almost every occasion where he still attempts to make his voice the vehicle of noisy & boisterous passion, it is no longer a serviceable instrument—but flies in pieces like an overloaded gun. The frequency with which Mr. KEAN has played this terrible charaeter, put it wholly out of the question that we should look for beauties, which have not struck the eye in some former instance, and yet we think that altogether, he has never yet produced so deep an impression of astonishment as he did last night, at the spirit and subtlety which pervaded his representation of *Richard*. The impatient levity of his utterance where he answered "Chop off his head," was felt like lightning by the audience. His moroseness to *Lady Anne* when he treated her with the savage avowal of his hatred, was even finer than the hypocritical tenderness with which he wooed and won her. But it is impossible to put in a stronger light the commanding power of this actor's genius, than by the assertion, in which we are sure the judicious spectator will fully bear us out, that it was in the course of the fifth act, when his voice most sensibly failed him that we most admired his skill, and were most subdued by his energies. Under a fierce and stern exterior, the glimpses which he afforded us of his inward trouble, pourtrayed in frightful colours the chaos of a tempestuous and deeply labouring mind, An ety—embarrassment,—feverish hurry,—secret fear that breaks forth into ironical boasting,—rage resorted to as a covering from despair; the remembrance of evil deed contending with, the yet unmitigated fury of evil passions—these multifarious cuncomitants of the closing life of *Richard*, were distinctly & expressively brought before us by Mr. KEAN, with whom a glance of the eye is a volume of intelligence. His

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combat with *Richmond*, and the manner of his death is one of the finest *morceaux* upon the stage.

GERMAN PAPERS.

REPORT UPON THE SITUATION OF THE ARMY OF THE LOIRE.

Already at the outposts beyond the bridge of the Loire, at La Charité I found so little difficulty, that the officer would scarcely look at my open order, and would not sign it, and it was only on my repeated request that he gave me a *dragon-lancier* to attend me, who was relieved at every station.

I was no where stopped; even at the gate, or rather latticed door of the town of Bourges, there was no guard at all.

Marshal Macdonald lives with the Prefect, his son-in-law, the Duke of Massa (Regnier, the son) and has brought a whole General's Staff with him, the chief of which, the one-armed General Hullot, had afterwards a two hours' conversation with me in the name of his Commander; the result of which is contained in the notices which I have hereby the honour to lay before your Excellency.

When Marshal Macdonald came to Bourges to take the chief command, the army had indeed already made its submission in an address but in spirit it was very far from submission. He began by depriving of their commands all the individuals named in the Royal Ordinance of the 24th of July, and declaring them, for the present, prisoners of State. I, in fact, saw Colonel Marbot (who was, at Valenciennes, the first to burn the white flag), General Count Lobau, Drouet d'Erlon, and some others, out of uniform. They are obliged to appear daily before the Commandant of the place, till a new order from the King shall fix their place of abode. General Drouot and Lefebvre Desnouettes have been arrested in Bourges.

General Vandamme had withdrawn before the arrival of Marshal Macdonald. His corps is now commanded by General Le Fol; that of Count D'Erlon, who is said to be severely wounded and ill, by Gen. Marcongey.

Besides this, Marshal Macdonald has signified to all those who were put upon active service from half pay, or the enjoyment of a pension, that they are to return to the former condition and has given or prepared for a fourth of the rest of the army passports to go home. "After these measures," said Marshal Macdonald to me, "the Generals commanding the allied forces cannot well doubt a moment longer, but that his Majesty, my most gracious Sovereign, no where sees any enemy of his country, but in the ill disposed of his army; that our serious wish is a speedy and durable peace." But you will also see, said he to me further, that my situation here as commissioner and distributor of the royal displeasure must be highly unpleasant, and that this was very much increased at the moment of his arrival by what passed at Coine, after the convention was concluded, namely, by, the carrying off a detachment of sapeurs from an island in the Loire, which belongs to the department of the Cher, and by the plundering of a chateau, belonging to Madame de la Temouille, by a detachment of Imperial Austrian Yagers. General Hullot begged me, then, in the name of the Marshal, to impress upon my General in Chief the necessity of removing, as soon as possible, the difficulties and the restraints in the communications, to allow free circulation to provisions, and to facilitate trade in general, and also to allow officers and others belonging to the army, who are provided with the regular passports or *feuilles de route* from him, to go home with their baggage, and the officers even with their side arms.

This new dislocation, he said, consisted in this, that along the Loire weak posts remained, in order to maintain in a manner, the police of the frontier or line of demarcation. For the rest, the two poor and wholly exhausted provinces, lu Berry and la Sologne, were quite stript of troops, the artillery and cavalry sent to Bretagne, where there was plenty of forage; two regiments of infantry remained at Bourges.

That Marshal Suchet, who is also to come under the command of Macdonald, and is already ordered to approach nearer with his troops, seems to delay this movement as long as possble, in order to lose his chief command so much the later. However, he had sent the submission of that army to the King, and according to his positive accounts it was quite peacable.

Of Vandamme, Flahault, and Ney, he knew nothing; but the despondency of the army was decidedly too great, and the consideration of these Generals, too much impaired by the late events, for them to undertake any thing. Of Labedoyere he knew for certain, that he was arrested at Paris, and Moyton Duvernet at Monthrisson.

Lieutenant-General Roussel, whom I saw among the Generals who waited on Marshal Macdonald after dinner, is one of those who are put on half pay. He wore, besides the Cross of a Commander of the Order of Theresa, that of the Legion of Honour, but with the circle in the middle taken out, so that the order looks like an ornamented spying glass.

After this conversation, I endeavoured, as well at Bourges as on the way back, to procure some information respecting the situation and dispositions of this army; but I am not able to give your Excellency any thing but detached notices on this subject.

At Bourges I saw the former Imperial Guards, of all arms; the grenadiers are those who still appear the most decently clothed. The inhabitants upon whom they are quartered, praise them this time, as uncommonly polite. The Cuirassiers have for the most part sold their horses. Marshal Macdonald has instituted an enquiry, and caused them to be restored by the purchasers: the same has been done in respect to the horses belonging to the Royal stud, which Davoust took with him when he marched out of Paris.

From Bourges to La Charite I saw the regiments of infantry, No. 8 and 21, the Dragoons, No. 3, and the Hussars No. 50.

At Crou le Chaillon, which lies a little out of the road, I announced myself to Lieut-General Marcongey, who invited me to breakfast with his Officers. I accepted the invitation At the beginning the conversation was very dull; then I turned it on the battle of La Belle Alliance, at which we had been all present. Every one gave some details about the part in which he was personally concerned. A Captain of grenadiers of the 64th (King's 60th) regiment of the line, who, passing through the place, had been invited to table, related that he had belonged to the corps of Vadamme, which with that of Grouchy, had pushed forward without stopping, and had arrived on the morning of the 16th between Louvain and Brussels, where they were informed of the defeat of the grand army. Another affirmed, that the confusion first began among the grenadiers of the Imperial Guard. The conversation became gradually more lively and general till General Marcongey took up the discourse, and with much fire, but with a very agreeable delivery explained, first the progress of the battle till the coming up of the Prussians, painted the English as wholly beaten, and engaged in a retreat which was indeed perfectly orderly, but would doubtless have been irrecoverable, had those troops been Grouchy's, which Buonaparte, with inconceivable obstinacy believed to be so; or if some men had not lost their presence of mind, in whose hands the good and bad fortune of France was at that time placed; and now he broke out into a tirade which I remembered almost word for word, and so wrote down at the next station, at Coupois. It is the following:—

"In short, Sir, see what has brought us to the brink of the precipice: but why do I say, to the brink? It is, indeed between two abysses that the beautiful France is placed.—On the one side, there is the most dreadful of all evils, a civil war of extermination: (*a mort et a outrance*) on the other hand, a King but half alive, who arrives in the train of the English baggage, and after him that drunken, debauched rake, B—, and that bigot, that unfrocked monk d'A———.

"This is truly what England wanted not only to impose upon us an automaton, (mannequin) as sovereign for the moment, but to perpetuate this cruel game to the coming generation. Is that what is wanted to reign over a nation endowed with almost chivalrous sentiment, and consequently to enterprises, I might say adventures, such as are met with in romance, or in ancient history

"Every moment people repeat *Vive Henri IV.*

"Yes, honour to that great man, to that magnanimous Sovereign; but was there ever less resemblance between the founder of a family and his great grand children, than between him and the Bourbons of our days? Did Henri IV. after he had pronounced amnesty and pardon ever place grey beards who had grown old in arms, who had distinguished themselves by their talents, their zeal, and their bravery (against him) under the order of young coxcombs, *(freluquets)* of insolent fops, *(muscadins)* who think they make their first essay in arms with honour, by insulting the veterans who have deserved well of their country for twenty years together.

"Or did he ever permit old dotards (ganaches), figures from the other world, wig-blocks (*tetes a perruque*) who seem to come from under the ground, to pretend to the titles, and even to the property of their fellow-citizens, because the latter had with their lives and fortunes supported a contest against the universe, while they precipitately left their native land which was in danger!"

In this style he continued to talk till I departed, or rather till I told him that I had heard at Bourges that the King would take 7,000 men out of the Imperial guard for his own body guard, and that he (Marcongey) would retain the command of the first corps.

At Sancerre I spoke to a *Marechal de Camp*, whose name I have forgotten. He was just employed in examining the 21st regiment. There were about 200 men Yagers, Voltigeurs, Grenadiers, all mixed together, and a very great number of officers.

Afterwards I met a detachment of the young guard, near 500 men, who were just going to relieve all the troops at St. Bouzie, Tauvenay, Sancerra, St. Satur, as far as Beaulieu.

This is the report which I have hereby the honour most humbly to lay before yonr Excellency.

Nevers Aug. 9, 1815.

VON HAUER,
Major in the Staff of the Quarter-General of the Imperial and Royal (Austrian) Army.

Rhenish Mercury, Oct. 7.

The Courier,—October 17, 1815.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF MR. WHITBREAD.

The author of a volume of poems, entitled "*The Tyrolese Villager*," sent his book to Mr. Whitebread and shortly after waiting on him, was received with that candour if not sternness of manner, for which Mr. Whitbread was remarkable; seeing a fearless originality of thought pervade this little volume, he asked the poet very gravely—"How seeing he was dependent on others for the bread of a large family, he dared to express his opinion so freely, which, though not affecting any political party, by exposing private folly and vice, might make him enemies?"—To which he was replied—"The same truth that actuates patriots of every party in the public Senate, to express sentiments which they supposed tend to the good of the whole community, has dictated to me the necessity of exposing what appears inimical to that part of it, I am immediately conversant with." No applause being expressed, the author in no very coherent terms began to apologize for the intrusion, when suddenly changing the conversation, Mr. Whitbread said, "Come, young man, you have thought pretty deeply; pray what is your opinion of this work on the present scarcity of bullion, which I will lend you—I am at present busy?"—When the author got into the street, on opening the book, a Banknote of value far exceeding what he hoped to receive for his production, fell out, and hurrying back to Mr. Whitbread, and telling him what had happened, he offered to return it. "Oh! never mind," said Mr. W. "I shall not look at it; go home and make yourself happy; think it sent by Providence, to remedy the scarcity of bullion with you, bad as times are, it is a very efficient substitute."

THE LATE MR. WHITBREAD.

Mr. Hone has published "An Authentic Account of Mr. Whitbread's latter Days and Death," from which we make the following Extracts:—

Sometimes there are circumstances, in relation to the character of an individual, which social justice may require to be explicitly stated and generally explained. Such appear to be those facts that private feelings would endeavour partially to conceal; though, by so doing, it would involve them in that species of mystery which ixcites idle curiosity, while it favours the speculations of malignant hearts! Accordingly, the world,—comprehending the thousands who have leisure to listen to the surmises of the day, with no capacity or disposition to investigate from whence they proceed,—the world, who fatten upon rumour and prey upon the offal of scandal—the very world has treated the death of Mr. Whitbread as though it were actually involved in mystery. And why does it spread this hint? Because the public have not been properly put in the possession of facts; because there was an *apprehension* of a desire to keep down certain points and suppress them, an intention, however produced, hostile to the common interest of men, and directly repugnant to that generous principle so long asserted by Mr. Whitbread himself, throughout his career, with unabated zeal, that honesty is the best policy. It consisted with this policy, then, that every fact, deposed to before the Coroner, respecting the death, of Mr. Whitbread, should have been communicated fully to the world. The announcement of his death, in a few lines, was therefore so far from being satisfactory, that nothing but speculation took place; and money jobbers and adventurers in defamation were every where preparing to circulate the most villainous insinuations as to the causes which led to Mr. Whitbread's death. Certain it is, indeed, that an event, which, when known, acted like a thunderbolt on the public mind, was naturally felt difficult to be accounted for; but the attentive examiner of the following statements will, as certainly, be led to impute the melancholy termination of the existence of Mr. Whitbread to nothing that could derogate from the public or private respectability of his character.

Not more than three weeks before Mr. Whitbread's death, at the last meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, when the Rev. Mr. Tracy, who happened to sit next Mr. Whitbread on the husting, begged of him to speak on the occasion, as the persons present would be generally disappointed if he did not; Mr. Whitbread, on his part, replied, that he was oppressed with an *intolerable headache, which almost drove him out of his senses!* He added, nothing but his ardent zeal for the great cause of universal education had induced him to attend at all, since he wished to bring Lady Elizabeth there, who, together with the Marchioness of Tavistock, and the other patronesses, had promised to hold a plate at the door.

A short time since, being met by an Artist of considerable repute, Mr. Whitbread, in seeming importance of consideration, addressed him relative to some alterations he had meditated with regard to Drury-lane Theatre. The result of their conference was, that the Artist should prepare and wait upon Mr. Whitbread with certain designs. The former attended at the house of the deceased according to appointment; where, after waiting a considerable time, he was informed that Mr. Whitbread was unwell, and could not be seen! The Artist observing Mr. Whitbread in the street, in apparent good health, on the same day, reiterated his call, in Dover-street, on the following morning. His reception was however, on this occasion, the same as that which he experienced on his first visit. Conceiving himself rather indifferently treated, he stated to the attendant of Mr. Whitbread the full nature of his business; observing that it was of a *public* nature, and deserved more attention, he would call once more, at a certain hour on a future day. This he accordingly did; Mr. Whitbread was at home, and the visit of the Artist was announced. The latter was kept in considerable suspense for some time in an anti-room: when, at length he was hastily dismissed by the vociferation of Mr. Whitbread, who violently burst open the door of his study, and exclaimed—"Tell that fellow, who has come to embarrass me with *public business*, that I shall have nothing to say to him. *Public business* was once a concern in which I took a part; but he knows my incapacity, and that I have given it up."

A few days anticedent to the decease of this lamented character, he observed to a confidential friend with whom he was walking, that he had noticed "the community of late laughing, sneering, and staring at him, as he passed!" His friend replied, that he was certainly mistaken as to the first conclusion; but as to the latter, he must expect to be looked at as a great public character. Mr. Whitbread however rejoined—"Ay, but the looks of the public *now* upon me are widely different from those which I was once accustomed to perceive. Nothing but distrust, scorn, and even revenge, *now* seem to fit upon the countenance of those who look upon *me!*

Drury lane Theatre had long perplexed his mind almost to madness. It was the opinion of his friend Mr. Peter Moore, one of the Members for Coventry, that Mr. Whitbread had never been the same man after the last meeting of the Proprietors of that House. Infinuations were then thrown out concerning the misappropriation of the money derived from the Private Boxes, and which was defigned to be devoted to repairs and alterations. Mr. Whitbread however, had been prevailed with to apply the same to certain more pressing demands on the house. Confident of his own opinion on this head, he could not brook the contradiction and remarks he met with and was even much offended with his very old friend, Mr. Sheridan, who, at a particular interview, ventured to intimate his suspicion of the result of Mr. Whitbread's management of the concern. "We are all wrong," observed Mr. Sheridan; "even *you* are wrong."—"What," retorted Mr. Whitbread, "do *you* say so too? Sheridan was still right, however, and his friends erroneous.

Upon the faith of Mr. Whitbread's known integrity, it appears that many of his particular friends had embarked their capital in the new Drury-lane House; and such was the influence of his character, that several, in the more humble walks of life, had invested portions of their savings in the common stock.—How keen was his disappointment, when he found himself at length compelled to acknowledge the impossibility of realizing those dividends he anticipated!

The alteration of the house, by removing the pillars, &c. from the stage, was a favourite project of Mr. Whitbread; he persevered in it against the opinion of others interested in the concern, who thought those improvements might have been postponed till the treasury was better able to bear such expences; but it was no unusual thing to concede to Mr. Whitbread, and he carried his point without benefiting the concern. Tradesman on tradesman was pressing for his undoubted claims, till Mr. Whitbread, from a high sense of his duty, individually assured several claimants of their debts. In one particular case, he is believed to have arranged the payment of a debt of some thousand pounds due to a carpenter employed in the concern.

Notwithstanding the way wardness of his mind, Mr. Whitbread's *love of justice*, on the leading features of his masculine character, was exemplified a few days before his death by a trifling incident. He walked into the Soda Water Room (late Parnea's) at the corner of Exeter Change, as he had often done before, and requested a glass. It was presented to him not quite filled. He looked sternly and significantly at the man, who readily comprehended his strong allusion to the deficiency of quantity, and said, "Sir, if you will please to drink it off, we will settle that afterwards." Mr. Whitbread did so, and a small quantity more was filled, which he likewise drank, and withdrew pleasantly satisfied that, at length, full measure was meted out to him.

Every one acquainted with the House of Commons had noticed a marked alteration in Mr. Whitbread's deportment. For several weeks previous to his death, although he continued his speaking, there was about him a species of sluggishness quite alien to him, and a disposition to despondency that had never before been observed to oppress him. Sometimes he was remarked nodding on the bench where he sat, and at all times as lowered in his spirits. His legs and ancles were swollen, and his countenance often retired without apparent ease.

Speculations on the causes of Mr. Whitbread's death, whether as intellectual or physical, ought not vainly to be indulged in, when the evidence of facts is before us, and the peculiar temperament of his character is well considered. The brain, as it was long since observed, and will admit of repetition in this place, too finely wrought,

"Preys on itself, and is destroyed by thought!"

Ardent minds enter with energy on whatever they purpose to do; and Mr. Whitbread's death

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may fairly be traced to that seriousness and impetuosity with which he incessantly prosecuted the objects that interested his feelings, in the discharge of what he conceived to be his duty.

He latterly complained of apoplectic affection —a fulness of blood towards the head; was drowsy, lethargic, irritable. Cupping gave temporary relief, but the cause of the disorder remained. The unfortunate concerns of the theatre —the business of the brewery – multifarious private matters – and incessant attention to public affairs, too greatly excited his mental powers. Thought rushed upon thought, and prevented sleep; weariness and debility of the faculties succeeded to over exertion; the finer arteries of the brain obtained an increased velocity, and at length the skill of the leech, was exerted in vain. It was requisite that the patient should minister to himself: – alas! the written troubles of the brain were too deeply impressed. Mr. Whitbread had lost the power of controuling his own energies, and his dearest connections beheld in grief and in silence of despair the breaking up of his noble mind. "The lion who," to adopt the expression of a Member of Parliament, long opposed to him, "roused our senate from its slumbers," was suddenly to be heard no more. Universally is it felt, that in Mr. Whitbread his country has lost a most valuable man, and one whose loss appears to be at this time irreparable. But he is gone to his place of rest, "with Kings and Counsellors of the earth – there the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor; the small and great are there, and the servant is free from his master." Peace be with him!

The Hon. Butler Danvers, son of the Countess of Lanesborough, was married yesterday to Miss Freemantle, a young Lady of great beauty and accomplishment; her fortune is considerable. The ceremony took place about noon at the family mansion in Stanhope-street, May fair.

FROM COBBETT'S POLITICAL REGISTER.

TO NAPOLEON.

When the motion was made in the *Tribunate of France* to confer on you the title of Emperor, and for making the title hereditary in your family, CARNOT, in opposing the motion, asked, "whether it was to grant the FIRST CONSUL "a reward for his services in the cause of Liber- "ty, to offer to him the sacrifice of that Liberty; "whether to confer this title on him was not "to *destroy his own work*, and possible *himself* "*in the end?* "What," said he "is liberty then, "disclosed to man only that it may never be "enjoyed; only to be snatched from his sight? "We are told, that this measure is necessary "to *consolidate* the government; but as all his- "tory shews, a government by one individual, "is not, in the smallest degree, a pledge of "*stability*. The example of the United States of "America has proved the practicability of unit- "ing freedom with order; and the high desti- "nies, to which that nation appears to be cal- "led, leave no doubt remaining to the existence "of those important truths."

This is the season to recal these truths to your mind not for the purpose of insult, or reproach, but, for that of justifying the principles of liberty. As long as you fought under her banners, victory was your inseparable companion, and the gratitude of millions placed the laurel on your brow. From the moment that you associated your name with that of kings, you began to sink in the estimation of mankind; and when you, at last, allied yourself with them, mixing even your legions with theirs, the eye was unable to follow you in the rapidity of your fall. Afforded a chance of revival even from a state of captivity and banishment, so deeply had you imbibed the infection, that the empty title was resumed. Nay, when the voice of fate apparently pronounced your eternal seclusion, you must still hand over your abdicated name to your child.

Charge not liberty, therefore with the injuries, the insults, the base opprobrium, the horrid denunciations, to which through the English press, you have now been exposed. Charge not her with these, the natural offspring of cowardice in the hour of triumph over the brave. Charge them on your own desire to rule as a *master*, where you ought to have administered as a *servant;* and especially to your more inexcusable desire to take *rank* amongst, and to make common cause with those, whom the French nation had commissioned you to go forth and destroy.

While seated on your throne in gorgious robes, surrounded by bowing coronets and mitres, the president of America, had he appeared in his simple attire, would have seemed to you a being, founded by nature solely for the humblest offices of Life. Let those who prize external grandeur; let those who desire to rule as masters of men, now behold you subdued by, your person actually in the hands of, and, as is asserted, about to be imprisoned for life by that same power, which he, having the hearts of free men on his side, foiled in all its hostile attempts, and drove, in a manner which history will fearlessly describe, from the blazing capital and desolated shores of his country.

Examples so striking, and illustrated by events so momentous, will not, let us hope, be lost upon you, if personal freedom be ever again to gladden your heart, and the admiration of your great deeds, which will always exist, be destined once more to restore you to power. Look at the people of America. No titles of court, duke, prince, emperor, dazzle their eyes. No splendid shows, no objects to gaze at, are necessary to remind them of their duties and of their past deeds. Contrast this people with the miserable people of France, who, while they stare at the column of *Austerlitz*, are paying contributions to pamper the soldiers of Austria, and, upon the very bridge of *Jena*, are trampled under foot by the soldiers of Prussia; while their provinces are overrun by those Bavarians and Wurtembergers, whose sovereigns were elevated to thrones by the valour and the blood of French armies under your command.

In looking back upon mankind, on the interests of so great a part of whom your actions have had an influence, which class do you find to have been the most brave, the most sincere, the most faithful, the most magnanimous? And which the most cowardly, the most hollow, the most perfidious, the most cruel? Your fate, as it will excite a greater interest than any former event in this history of nations, so it will produce a greater and more lasting effect on men's minds. It will be the beacon, the ever-existing warning, to every man, who, having the cause of freedom consigned to his hands, shall, in an evil hour, be tempted to convert the valour she has inspired to the promoting of his private views of vain ambition. "*That*," will it be said, "was the rock on which Napoleon split: Napoleon, in whose name was comprised all that was skilful, generous, and brave."

Were the friends of freedom as unfeeling as their adversaries, they would exult in your fall, as the triumph of their principles. For who is it that is *fallen*? Not "the child and the champion of "Jacobinism," as you once had the honour to be stiled by the child and champion of Corruption; not the darling hero of Democracy with "*Liberty and Equality, or Death*" inscribed on his banners. No: but an Emperor and King; the son-in-law of the House of Austria; the eulogist, the associate, the friend, the preserver, the restorer, the upholder, the creator of Nobles and Kings. It is not Napoleon, driving the lazy monks from their cells, and scattering to the winds the relics of Superstition; but Napoleon, crowned by the Holy Father, re-establish, in some degree, Bishops and priests, and daily prostrating, in his own person, the interest of Truth before the mummeries of the Mass. It is not that Napoleon, the FIRST CONSUL, who, in the year 1804, formally and specifically and officially charged the English government with the hiring of *bands of assassins to take away his life*; but Napoleon, the EMPEROR, the son in law of the House of Austria, who, in 1815, calls that same English government, "the most *generous*" of his enemies.

Still, the friends of liberty cannot harden their hearts to feelings of exultation, when they look back to your wonderful efforts in her cause. When they behold you rising up amongst the sons of Democracy, marching forth against the priviledged orders of Europe; leaving unsubdued not one single sovereign, ruling by Divine right; bringing them all to your feet; enlarging the dominions of some, curtailing those of others: stripping these of their dignities, and bestowing new dignities on those! prescribing the bounds of their alliances, and giving their sons and their daughters in marriage. When the friends of liberty look back on these exploits, which have established for ever the superiority of talent over insolent birth, which, in dissipating slavish prejudices, have laid the sure foundation of future freedom, all your errors are forgotten, and, whether to exile or to death, you will be followed by the admiration and gratitude of every brave and every free man in every nation in the world.

WM. COBBETT.

Botley, 6th August, 1816.

MANNERS OF THE POLES.—[*From the Account of a recent Tourist.*]—"No sooner is the broth-bowl removed than the toasts begin, and the bumpers grow larger at every round, often exceeding each other to the number of twelve, of which the last is usually of a monstrous size. At Studzieniec, twenty miles beyond Lowicz, the gentlemen of the house chose to drink my health out of a cup which held two pints of Hungary wine; standing, he swallowed this brimmer at a draught; and, to my utter astonishment, upwards of thirty persons followed his example. – After dinner, coffee is presented; my stomach always turns whenever I think of the beverage of succory and beans which is usually given. The guests are honoured with cups; the family drink from glasses, as in Italy. With wealthy people, on the other hand, the coffee is excellent, although sometimes made so strong as to become disgusting. We are sickened also by the approach of the cup to the nose, as it has generally been wiped with a cloth during the service of a jack-towel to a dozen servants of the farm bathed in perspiration.—Heaven forbid you should pass a night with them; all the vermin that prey on the human body are there assembled. Rats and mice dance on your head; even under the sheets you are not safe from them; and, if you have the bad custom of sleeping with an open mouth, you may rely on finding, next morning, half dozen crickets in it.

"However small the estate of a Polish nobleman may be, he is sure to keep a man-cook, that is, a clown who infects the kitchen, and spoils the meat. Such a cook has always different employments, and changes his coat according to necessity, like the coachman in Moliere's *Avare*.—The wealthy families are in the other extreme; and surround themselves with grandeur, in order to conceal their want of cultivation and personal accomplishment. They imagine this end may be best attained by extravagant luxury and waste, and certainly nothing exhausts sensuality so much as the table of a Polish grandee. The choicest viands and daintiest delicacies make their appearance on embossed plate, in such profusion, as to set the keenest appetite at defiance. Comfits, sweetmeats, delicious fruits, & ices, stand in array before you; & Burgundy & Champaigne sparkle, most invitingly, in crystal glasses. A crowd of servants beset the table, but most of them have their coats out at elbows; and by the smell you may easily perceive that this multitude of famished valets is formed of grooms and coachmen. These fellows watch you with greedy eyes, and if, in the course of conversation, you lay down your knife and fork for a moment, your plate instantly disappears, with every thing on it. But in spite of all this ostentation, filth prevails in their proudest palaces, and even in their bedchambers and nurseries; while their kitchens look frightful, you are sure to lose all appetite after having seen them. In fact, filth seems the native property of the Pole; and, in this respect, he, much resembles the Italian, whom he appears to have chosen for his model in domestic arrangements.

The courts and streets are clogged with dirt both in the metropolis and the country-towns. In rainy weather the towns of Kalish, Petricow, Lowicz, Plock, and Lenczyc, are impassable. Four horses must be harnessed to the lightest chariot to draw it through the mud.—When the French first invaded Poland, one Perrian, a Lieutenant in Marshal Davoust's corps, and vice-commander of Lenczyc, was so shocked at the sight of the filth, that, sending to the burgomaster seven bullets, a sign of death in case of disobedience, he peremptorily ordered him to remove the dirt from the town within twenty four hours. These bullets had previously acquired a dreadful reputation, for, the day after his arrival in Lenczyc, the commander ordered two Jews to be shot, without any appeal, though the Prussian Court of Justice, in passing sentence of death on them, left the prisoners a recourse to a higher tribunal. The burgomaster, half dead with fright at the receipt of this significant present, turned out all that had hands to sweep the streets; exclaiming, at every third word—"*seven bullets!*" and thus the mud was happily carried out of the town.

[*Hamphire Telegraph,—November* 6.

HISTORICAL CHARACTER OF BUONAPARTE, *BY C. PHILIPS*, Esq.

A mind bold, independant and decisive;—a will despotic in its dictates;—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character. Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution, that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion, but success—he worshipped no God but ambition, and, with an eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his Idolatry. Subsidiary to this there was no creed that he did not profess,—there was no opinion that he did not promulgate;—in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent;—for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross;—the orphan of St. Louis, he became adopted child of the Republic;—and, with a paricidal ingratitude on the ruins both of the Throne and the Tribune, he reared the tower of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he impriisoned the Pope;—a pretended patriot he impoverished the Country;—and in the name of Brutus, he grasped, without remorse, and without shame the diadem of the Cæsars.

Through this pantomime of his policy, Fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whim, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the operations of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny. Ruin itself elevated him to Empire.

But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendant;—decisions flashed upon his councils;—and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible—his plans perfectly impracticable,—but in his hands, simplicity marked their developement, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook of the charactor of his mind—if the one never yielded in the Cabinet—the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn;—and, whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof, against peril, and empowered with ubiquity;—The whole Continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs and the miracle of this execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance. Romance assumed the air of history. Was there ought too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a Subaltern of Corsica waving his Imperial flag over her most ancient capitals? All the visions of antiquity became common places in his contemplations;—Kings were his people—Nations were his outposts,—and he disposed of Courts and Crowns, and Camps and churches, and Cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board.

Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as Adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room,—with the mob or the levee,—wearing the jacobin bonnet or the iron Crown,—banishing a Braganza or espousing a Lorraine,—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic;—he was the same military despot

Cradled in the Camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the Army. Of all his Soldiers, not one forsook him, till affection was useless, and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite. They knew well that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself,—and that if he exposed them to peril, he rapaid them with plunder. For the Soldier, he subsidized every people—to the people he made even pride pay tribute: The victorious veteran glittered with his gains, & the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of Art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his wonderful affectation of literature must not be omitted. The enemy of the press, affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of Authors, and the murderer of Printers, yet he pretended to the protection of learning!—the assassin of Palm—the silencer of de Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue—he was the friend of David, the benefactor of de Lille—and sent his academic prize to the philosophic of England.

Such a medly of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character,—a royalist, a republican, and an emperor,—a mahomedan,—a Catholic, and a patron of the Synagogue—a Subaltern and a Sovereign—a traitor and a tyrant—a christian and an infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the sane mysterious incomprehensible *self*—the man WITHOUT A MODEL, AND WITHOUT A SHADOW.

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie. Such is a faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Buonaparte, the first (and, it is to be hoped, the last) Emperor of the French. That he has done much evil there is little doubt—that he has been the origin of much good, there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not Spain and France have arisen to the blessings of a free constitution. Superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the inquisition, and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled for ever.

Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him, that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a recourse; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also orostrate them from the highest. 5

[*Madras Courier,—March.*

Poetry.

THE SABBATH EVENING.

FROM MR. WORDSWORTH'S "WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE."

——Now against the people rear
A voice of praise, with awful cheer!
It is the last, the parting song
And from the temple forth they throng—
And quickly spread themselves abroad—
While each pursues his several road.
But some, a variegated band
Of middle-aged, and old and young
And little children by the hand
Upon their leaping mothers hung
Turn, with obeisance gladly paid
Towards the spot, where full in view
The lovely Doe of whitest hue
Her Sabbath couch has made.
It was a solitary mound
Which two spears' length of level ground
Did from all other graves divide;
As if in some respect of pride,
Or melancholy's sickly mood,
Still shy of human neighbourhood;
Or guilt that humbly would express
A penitential loneliness.
"Look, there she is, my child! draw near,
She fears not wherefore should we fear?
She means no harm"—but still the boy
To whom the words were softly said,
Hung back and smil'd and blush'd for joy,
A shame-faced blush of glowing red!
Against the mother whisper'd low,
"Now you have seen the famous Doe;
From Rylstone she hath found her way
Over the hills this Sabbath-day;
Her work, whate'er it be, is done,
And she will depart, when we are gone;
Thus doth she keep, from year to year
Her Sabbath-morning, foul or fair."

THE GOGS.

When Wood displaced the Gogs of Wood,
Which centinel's so long had stood
In London's ancient Hall;
It was not that he scorned to bear
Rivals of Wood so near the Chair,
And therefore doomed their fall.
Truth was, he thought each Gog of Wood,
Unless with tongue and brains endued,
A most superfluous Log;
And he in many a loud Debate,
Had proved himself, in church and State,
For liberty a Gog.

AN OLD QUESTION NEWLY ANSWERED.

GOG LOQUITUR.

We three
Logger heads be,
With *Wood* enough to spare;
I am *Gog*,
He's *Magog*;—
And who, Sir, is the other Log—
——*gerhead?—Ask the Lord Mayor.*

DIALOGUE DURING AN ECLIPSE, IN A MODERN STYLE.

Sweetest! sweetest! prythee say,
Is it night, or is it day?
Ask not, ask not, sweetest, pray,
For 'tis very hard to say.—

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